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FATHER ANDRE'S NIECE.

BY GEO. R. SIMS,

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It was 1 o'clock in the morning, but the streets were filled with the roar and riot of a mighty crowd. A house in a densely populated neighborhood had suddenly burst into flames and the inhabitants of the surrounding buildings had rushed into the street in a state of wild alarm. The crowd was soon swelled by spectators drawn from all parts by the lurid glare that shot up into the skies.

There is nothing that attracts the Londoner of all ages and conditions like a fire. It has a special fascination of its own and few can resist it. By the time the hastily summoned engines had arrived the mob had assumed formidable dimensions, and the police had to drive the people back in order to give the firemen room to work.

With marvelous rapidity the story of the fire spread through the ever-increasing crowd until the last newcomer was as well acquainted with the facts as the man who lived next door, and it was known to all the eager horrified lookers-on that there were some dozen people in the burning building, which was a French laundry, and that the fire having burst out suddenly and with great fury the whole house was in flames, and it was most probable that the brave firemen, who were doing their best to force their way in through the smoke and flame, would be too late to rescue a single life.

The first comer had seen a white form appear at an upper window, wave its arms and fall back again out of sight. Some declared that they had heard shrieks, but that was before the engines came. Since then all had been silent save for the roar of the fire, the hissing of the water, the throb of the engines and the hurried words of command given by the brigade officers to their men.

"Something would have been seen of 'em, if any of 'em were still alive," said a sympathetic policeman to a man who was questioning him. "I'm afraid it's a case with 'em."

A sigh of sympathy ran round the inner edge of the crowd within hearing distance.

"It's awful, isn't it!"

"Awful; and they're all foreigners, I hear, some of 'em quite young gals from ever so far away."

"Shockin'! makes your blood run cold to think what it'll mean for them as belongs to 'em, poor things."

"P'r'aps some of 'em are out!"

"Not a soul; I've been here from the first."

So the conversation ran, but the words were everywhere spoken slowly and soberly, as one speaks in the presence of death.

Suddenly, there was a change in the attitude of the crowd, a hush and then a frenzied roar, as out of the burning mass a fireman was seen to come suddenly with something in a blanket. He was on the ground floor level with the street, and only the people in front could see distinctly. But they communicated the news rapidly to the people behind.

The fireman had brought out a little girl. The child was senseless, but it was still alive. Willing hands had taken it and carried it to a place of safety at once.

That was the only rescue. The crowd stayed on until the building had burned itself out, and only the black, charred, smoking ruin remained. Then they went back to their homes to tell of the ghastly tragedy they had witnessed in the early hours of the morning.

A few hours later the story was told to the world in the prosaic columns of the newspapers. Seventeen people, all foreigners, had perished in the burning of the French laundry. One child, a little girl of four, had been rescued alive. Whose child she was no one could say. None of the neighbors knew that there had ever been a child on the premises, and the good priest, Father Andre, who had been in the habit of visiting the proprietess and the girls who lived with her and assisted her in her business, confessed himself astonished that a child should have been found there.

Madame Le Beau, the proprietress, was a widow. Her principal hand, who lived on the premises with her husband, who attended to the furnaces, was childless, and the other occupants were all single young girls, the eldest of whom was one and twenty. Father Andre had been in the house to visit a sick girl on the afternoon of the day of the fire, and there was no child there then—at least he did not think so. Had one been there he should have heard of it, for Madame Le Beau was a gossip and told him everything. A chat with her good priest was one of her principal distractions.

There was an inquest on the charred remains of the victims, but the inquiry failed to elicit any information about the little one. The fireman had found her in a front room. He believed at the time she was lying on a sofa, and the child, when he brought it out, was fully dressed. This fact suggested that it had been brought to the house that night, and that it was not living there. Had it been an inmate it would have been in its night clothes.

The child had been interrogated, but seemed bewildered. She spoke English with an ordinary English accent, and said her name was Lilian. Asked how she came there, she answered "Mamma;" asked who her mamma was, she only replied "Mamma." Every effort to obtain further information from the little one herself had failed. Her clothes were good, and she had evidently been in every sense of the word well cared for.

When the inquest was adjourned it was thought that some one connected with the child would hear of what had happened and come forward at the next inquiry, but although all the relatives of the victims were communicated with there was no one who could give the slightest clew to its identity.

The child had in the meantime been taken by Father Andre to the house of his relative, Madame Denier, a French lady married to a Frenchman established in business in London, and with whom Father Andre lodged. He had expected that sooner or later he should be able to hand the little one over to her relatives, but when the long inquiry closed, and still no one had come forward to claim the child, he had to face the fact that he had taken upon himself a serious responsibility. It was hardly likely now that anyone would claim the little girl. If its friends or parents had intended to, they would have done so before now. The mystery surrounding it might probably never be cleared up at all.

What should he do? Appeal to the public? To his congregation? Some one among them might be found, perhaps, to adopt the child. He talked the matter over with Madame Denier. She was childless, and little Lily was bright and merry, and had won the good woman's heart, and Father Andre himself confessed that he had begun to love the friendless little one who had been so strangely confided to his care. After all somebody might come forward presently and claim kinship with it. The mother, or the father might still be in some extraordinary way in ignorance of what had happened. Everything was considered, and eventually Father Andre and Madame Denier decided that Lily should remain with them, at any rate, for the present.

And so she stayed on and grew up into a beautiful girl, and gradually the good priest forgot that she had no claim of kinship on him, and Lily was known to all his friends as "Father Andre's niece," and she herself—the past being but as a dim childish memory—called him "Uncle Andre," and Madame Denier, a widow now, "auntie," and they were all she thought of or cared for in the world.

Lilian Andre was too pretty and too fascinating not to attract admirers. She was not a coquette nor a flirt, but when she went out visiting with Madame Denier or the good father, who had found hosts of English friends during the many years he had been settled in London, she always managed to be very nice and amiable to all the young men without letting any of them think that he had made a more favorable impression than another.

But one day there came a young cavalier who was to carry all before him. A young barrister, the son of a French banker established in London, fell desperately in love with Father Andre's niece, and assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of everybody the good priest and Lilian counted among their friends.

As he was a charming young man, and his people were highly esteemed and exceedingly wealthy, he had not much difficulty to contend with so far as getting himself invited wherever there was a little dinner or a ball, or a tennis party, or anything of that sort. He was a good player and was a great acquisition to the little tennis parties which were held on the faded patch of green surrounded by sooty trees in the London square in which Madame Denier resided.

Three months after he had first become acquainted with her, Gaston Darville, having talked the matter over confidentially with Lilian, called on Father Andre, and formally solicited the honor of being received by him as the accepted suitor of his niece.

The good priest was somewhat taken aback. It had not occurred to him that Lilian was now a young woman, and would naturally fall in love and want to marry the man of her choice. To him she was still a child. She had grown to womanhood so gradually that Father Andre had hardly noticed the circumstance. If it ever occurred to him he had not thought it out sufficiently to realize what it meant.

It took him some little time to get over his surprise that Mr. Gaston Darville, the son of his generous friend, the rich banker, should want to make Lilian Madame Darville, and when he had quite grasped the fact his first question was "Does my niece know that you entertain these feelings toward her?"

The young barrister smiled, but excused the priest's very natural ignorance on the subject of courtship. Of course, Lilian knew. He would not have dreamed of approaching Father Andre without Lilian's approbation and consent.

"And Lilian loves you—she has consented to be your wife?"

"If you approve her choice."

Father Andre hesitated. It was a grand match for Lilian, who, if anything happened to him, would be without a protector and without fortune. The future of the gentle girl he had grown to love almost with a parent's affection had often caused him many anxious hours. Madame Denier had only her late husband's property, and at her death that would go to her husband's relatives. He himself had been too loyal to his duties, too good a friend to the poor around him, to save money. A rich and happy marriage would be a capital solution of the difficulty, and here was one of the most talented and wealthiest young men of his acquaintance a suitor for her hand.

There was but one drawback. The fact was that so many years had gone by since the little four-year-old heroine of a London tragedy came home with him, that many people had forgotten the circumstances, and actually looked upon Lilian as the child of Father Andre's dead brother, and the Darvilles were among the number.

It was not necessary as the child grew up to tell everyone the story of her adoption. It would hardly have been fair to the girl to tell everybody she was absolutely without name that could be proved to be her own—that no one knew who her father and mother were, where they came from or what their position in life had been.

And as the time went on Father Andre himself had almost forgotten all that, and the words "my niece" came as naturally to his lips as they would have done had they been justified by facts. The truth was, however, brought home very forcibly now, and it was, of course, his duty at once to tell the young man the true position of affairs.

He told Lilian's story as briefly and as sympathetically as he could, but insisted, as it was his duty to do, upon Gaston thoroughly realizing that the girl he wished to make his wife was a girl of unknown parentage, practically an "enfant trouve" and she had been the only living being rescued from a French laundry which was burned to the ground some sixteen years previously. She might be the daughter of a washerwoman. The great probability at any rate was, that she was the child of a relative or friend of the proprietor, or of one of the employes. The truth would probably never be known now, as the wide publication given to the inquest had failed to elicit a single clew, and no inquiries had ever been made concerning the child during all the years that followed the catastrophe.

Gaston Darville was naturally astonished at Father Andre's narrative. He quite understood why Lilian had not told him herself. She too had begun to look upon herself as the priests's niece, and had no recollection of the circumstances under which she came to be accepted everywhere as his relative.

But the young man was too honestly in love with Lilian to let the mystery of her birth suggest itself to him as an insurmountable barrier to their union. Everyone ignored that part of Lilian's story and accepted her as Father Andre's niece—it should be as Father Andre's niece that he would marry her.

But the priest insisted that he should tell his father of his discovery. He would not be a party to any concealment from one who after all was the head of the family and the custodian of its honor.

Gaston Darville promised that his father and mother should be informed of the circumstances, and he kept his word. Old Mr. Darville was at first a little disconcerted. He had great hopes of his son's future, and looked forward to a brilliant career at the bar for him. He knew that the more eminent the man the more necessary it was that his wife should be a lady who would be received cordially in society.

But his son easily won him over to his own view of the matter. As Father Andre's niece Lilian was known then, and there was no reason why in the future anyone should seek to go behind the accepted relationship.

A fortnight later, with the consent of his family, the young people were formally betrothed, and it was arranged that the marriage should take place in six months' time.

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About a week before the wedding Father Andre had been around visiting his poor people in Soho, and was just coming out of a house in Greek street where a woman lay ill, when a child ran up to him and said: "Please, Father Andre, mother says will you call in at her shop; she can't come out, as there is no one to serve, but she wants to see you very particularly."

Father Andre smiled and followed the child to a little stationer's shop, where the French and German periodicals in various stages of out-of-datedness were displayed in the window. He went in and found Madame Obert, the proprietress, behind the counter.

"Well, Madame Obert, what is it?" said Father Andre. "Your little one tells me you wish to see me."

"Yes, Father," replied the good dame. "It is the strangest thing that has happened, and I want to tell you about it and ask your advice before I let anybody else know. Cecile!"

"Yes, mother," said the little one.

"Stay in the shop; you can call me if I am wanted."

Madame Obert opened the door of the little back parlor and invited the priest to come in.

"You see that old desk," she said, pointing to an old-fashioned and dilapidated davenport that stood in a corner.

"Yes, I have seen it many times when I have been here. What is there remarkable about it to-day?"

"Ah, it isn't what it looks like, it is what I have found inside it. Did I never tell you how my father bought it?"

"No."

"It was after a terrible fire, many, many years ago when a French laundry near him was burned down."

"You don't mean Madame Le Beau's!" exclaimed the priest, becoming interested.

"Yes, I think that was the name my father told me. Well, he bought it when the few things that were rescued were sold. He brought it home, and it stood in his room till he died and left everything to me, and I and my husband brought it here."

"But what have you found in it?" exclaimed the priest, eagerly.

"I am coming to that. It is odd, because my father thought there was nothing in it at all. But this morning I went to look for a bill I was sure I had paid, and for which the collector had called again. I looked everywhere, and turned every drawer out; and there, fallen behind the back of one, I found an old letter faded and yellow, and of course I read it. When I had read it I said: 'This is something very strange; I will ask Father Andre about it.'"

"And the letter—?"

"Is here," said Madame Obert, opening her desk and taking from it the faded sheet of paper.

The priest took it, put on his glasses and scanned it eagerly. It was written in a trembling female hand, and the first words gave him quite a little shock, for they carried him back to the night of that terrible tragedy when every living soul save little Lilian perished in the flames.

"Dear Madame Le Beau—I shall bring my little girl to-night late—very late—after every one of your people have gone to bed, for I wish no one to see me come, in case he should make inquiries afterwards and learn that I have been to you. I shall not have much time to talk to you, for I must go away again at once. He will be back at 1 o'clock in the morning, and if he finds I am out he will suspect. He is terrible, and I dread that he may murder me and the child. I am determined that he shall never know where it is, for it shall never be associated with his terrible crimes. Take care of my little Lily for your dead brother's sake. About midnight expect me. Watch at the door. I may not have a moment.

"LILIAN PRIVAS."

Father Andre's pale face went deadly white as he grasped the meaning of the letter found after so many years. He made a great effort to master his emotions.

"You must let me keep this for a while," he said; "I will make inquiries."

"Keep it as long as you like, Father," replied the woman. "It doesn't belong to me."

Father Andre bowed his head, and bidding Madame Obert good day went out of the dimly lighted little shop into the street like a man in a dream. He bent his steps mechanically towards home, but his brain was in a whirl and a deadly fear was in his heart. He had a clew at last to the parentage of Lilian, his "niece." The name of "Privas"—the mention of terrible crimes—brought back to him the remembrance of a great criminal—a foreign Anarchist, who shortly after the tragedy of the French laundry had been arrested in Paris, and guillotined for a dynamite outrage in which three people were killed.

The deadly fear that was at his heart was that this wretch was Lilian's father, and if that were so—

What could he do? What could he say? At all hazards it was his duty to inform Gaston Darville immediately. Between them they must invent an excuse for postponing the marriage until all doubts as to Lilian's parentage were set at rest. The young barrister could not in justice to his family marry the daughter of an anarchist who had been guillotined for an atrocious crime.

He determined to go to the young barrister's chambers at once. Gaston was in and was greatly astonished to receive a visit from Father Andre. There was something in the priest's face that made the young man apprehensive of bad news. The priest told his story gently, and softened the blow as much as he could. After all it was only conjecture; there was no certainty that Lilian's mother was the wife of the Privas who had been guillotined, only the date of the letter and the words "terrible crimes" justified the worst suspicions.

The young barrister listened and the color faded from his cheeks. The idea of his sweet, tender-hearted Lilian being the child of a wretch with whose infamies all Europe had rung was too shocking to be entertained, and yet the letter which the priest gave him almost proved the correctness of the horrible surmise.

He stood buried in deep thought for a few minutes, then he turned to the priest and said, "Father Andre, you must say nothing of this to Lilian—nor to my father, nor to any one. It must be our secret, and ours alone."

"But in the meantime the wedding must at least be postponed," said Father Andre. "We must find out the truth."

"There will be time enough for that at the last moment. I have a week; in a week much may be done. I shall start for Paris to-night—go straight to Monsieur Goron, the chife of the Paris detective force, and find out all about the man Privas. You will tell Lilian I have been called away on important business for a day or two. For God's sake, don't let her have the slightest suspision of what that business really is!"

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Immediately on his arrival in Paris Gaston Darville called upon an old friend of his father's, a famous French "avocat," who at once gave him a letter to M. Goron, urging that amiable and eminent functionary to assist Mr. Darville in an important inquiry in which he was deeply interested. M. Goron received the young barrister politely, and when he knew the nature of the facts he wished to elicit, asked for twenty-four hours in which to look up the Privas "dossier."

The next day, M. Goron presented himself at Gaston Darville's hotel and told him briefly all that he had been able to ascertain.

Leon Privas had some sixteen years previously come from London to Paris. For twelve months he had been living in London, and had been watched by the English police as a suspected character. He was constantly in the company of men who were known to be dangerous political conspirators, and when he left England for France, the English detectives gave their French confreres immediate notice of the honor he was paying his native land by revisiting it.

After his arrival in Paris he managed to elude the vigilance of the French police, disappearing one day from his lodgings in a street in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and nothing was heard of him until he was arrested, red-handed, after committing the crime for which he was eventually guillotined.

With regard to his life in England, concerning which Mr. Darville was anxious to learn some particulars, the report of the London police had been referred to for it. It appeared that Privas passed as a respectable man, and had employment as a journeyman watchmaker. This was his trade in Paris, which he had quitted soon after the fall of the Commune, no doubt fearing that he might find himself in bad odor with the police, should they discover the share he had had in some of the worst deeds of that reign of terror. It was only the police who knew that in London he was the constant associate of some of the most dangerous members of the International Society. To every one else he passed as a respectable specimen of the many foreign workmen employed in his trade.

"And he had a wife in London?" inquired the young barrister, anxiously.

"Yes, he was quite a family man. He lived in a street in Soho, with his wife and her child, a little girl of about four years of age."

"This wife was an Englishwoman, I—I believe?"

"Yes. When he was in Paris he was not known to be married. His marriage with the Englishwoman—if marriage it was—probably took place in England. It must have been soon after he left Paris in 1870, as the child was about four years old; and he returned here and was arrested and executed in 1875."

"And the wife—was she here with him when he was arrested? Is anything known of what became of her?"

"Nothing; but she probably did not come to Paris with him, because when his lodgings here were searched by the police a letter was found among his papers. It was written in English, and it was concluded at the time that it was from his wife. I have taken a copy of it for you."

M. Goron referred to his pocketbook and read:

"I refuse to tell you where the child is, and you cannot make me. I have found her a home, and now that I know she will not suffer I shall be able to earn my own living. I do not intend to return to you, now I know what you are."

"And the letter is signed—?"

"Lilian."

Gaston Darville's head sank on his breast. The story had been pieced together, and every part fitted. Lilian Privas had left her child with Madame Le Beau that night and returned to her husband without it. He had probably threatened her or ill treated her, and the next day she had gone away, leaving this letter behind her. Privas had returned to Paris without learning that little Lilian was with Madame Le Beau. What had become of the mother was a mystery still to be solved. It seemed strange to him that if she had been alive she had not appeared at the inquest, or afterward, and claimed her little one.

Unless—and that was the theory which at once suggested itself to him—she had feared that she would have to give her name, and Privas would read her name in the papers, and find her and the child again, or perhaps even come forward and claim it of the authorities. Lilian had evidently been left with Madame Le Beau in order that she might be saved from the stigma that sooner or later would be sure to attach to her if she still continued to be known as his daughter.

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The next morning Gaston Darville arrived in London, and at an early hour called at Madame Denier's. Lilian received him with delight, and asked him a thousand artless questions as to the reasons for his going to Paris. He satisfied her as well as he could, and presently Father Andre came in, and Lilian, seeing that they wished to talk together, left them alone.

Gaston told the priest the result of his mission, and they both agreed that so far it had only confirmed their worst fears.

"What shall you do?" asked the priest.

"Marry Lilian in spite of everything. No one but you and I need ever know."

Father Andre shook his head. "No, no, my son," he said sadly. "You must not ask me to keep this from your father. He has a right to know. He is the head of your family, and his consent to your marriage would be withheld, I am sure, if he knew the truth. Therefore he must know it—I cannot help you to deceive him."

"At least give me till to-morrow," said Gaston. "This woman may not have been his wife. There is only one hope I have—"

"And that is?"

"I will tell you to-night."

Gaston Darville went away and drove to Somerset House. He was anxious to find out where and when the marriage of Leon Privas had been contracted. He filled in the necessary form with all the particulars within his knowledge, and handed it to one of the professional searchers who are always hanging about in hope of a job. He waited for nearly an hour, and then the man returned. He had found the marriage, and handed a copy of the certificate to the barrister.

He read it and gave a great cry of joy. The marriage was between Leon Privas, bachelor, and Lilian Le Beau, widow, and the date was 1874.

Remembering the letter Father Andre had had given him by Madame Obert, it was all clear now. Lilian Privas was the widow of Madame Le Beau's dead brother, and Lilian was his daughter. No drop of the blood of the wretched criminal ran in the veins of Father Andre's niece.

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The wedding took place on the appointed day, and Father Andre pronounced the nuptial blessing on the young couple, and they were as son and daughter to him all the days of his life. But neither Father Andre nor her husband ever told Lilian Darville the secret of her parentage which they had so strangely discovered after the lapse of many years.

There was only one thing which was a mystery still, and that was why Lilian Privas had never come forward to claim her child. Father Andre's idea was probably near the truth. He thought the poor woman had in some way learned that her child had been taken by Madame Denier and himself, and had sacrificed her own feelings to little Lilian's future. She knew it would be better that she should grow up as Father Andre's niece than as the daughter of the widow of Leon Privas, the infamous criminal who had died a shameful death upon the scaffold.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Professor James, of Harvard, an Expansionist on Athletics.

Scribner's Magazine.

They tell us that in Norway the life of the women has lately been entirely revolutionized by the new order of muscular feelings with which the use of the ski, or long snow shoes, as a sport for both sexes has made the women acquainted. Fifteen years ago the Norwegian women were even more than the women of other lands votaries of the old-fashioned ideal of femininity, the "domestic angel," the "gentle and refining influence," sort of thing. Now these sedentary fireside tabby cats of Norway have been trained, they say by the snow shoes, into lithe and audacious creatures for whom no night is too dark or height too giddy; and who are not only saying good-bye to the traditional feminine pallor and delicacy of constitution, but actually taking the lead in every educational and social reform. I cannot but think that the tennis and tramping and skating habits and the "bicycle craze" which are so rapidly extending among our dear sisters and daughters in this country are going also to lead to a sounder and heartier moral tone, which will send its tonic breath through all our American life.

I hope that here in America more and more the ideal of the well-trained and vigorous body will be maintained neck by neck with that of the well-trained and vigorous mind, as the two co-equal halves of the higher education, for men and women alike. The strength of the British empire lies in the strength of character of the individual Englishman, taken all alone by himself; and that strength, I am persuaded, is perennially nourished and kept up by nothing so much as by the national worship, in which all classes meet, of athletic outdoor life and sport.

Guesswork Taken Out of Shopping

Guessing that goods are genuine and to awaken to the fact that they are unreal isn't satisfactory shopping.

Guessing that the something you saw elsewhere is the same as you saw here isn't safe shopping.

Guessing that the imitation is cheaper than the genuine is always expensive shopping.

Guessing that a price is low because it is compared with an exaggerated one isn't economical shopping.

Guessing that you can carry in your eye the something you saw here to compare with something you think the same elsewhere isn't wise shopping.

All guessing is a mistake. It is eliminated from the shopping in this store. Not that we are the only store selling genuine things at genuine prices; but shopping here is made absolutely safe.

With every purchase goes the guarantee that the price you pay is lower than or as low as equal goods can be bought for anywhere else, and that our name covers the worth of the goods as well as the full measure.

We don't guess about styles or qualities. We don't ask you to. We give our word that every **suit, jacket, skirt or child's or miss's garment** we show is what we claim for it and worth what we ask for it. We have our experience and our advantages as manufacturers, buyers and producers to back us up.

Our spring lines are the most complete and attractive ever shown in the West. We've just received some exceedingly fetching **imported novelties.** You'll not see them except at our Indianapolis or **Louisville** stores. : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : :

Boston & Langen

39 E. WASHINGTON ST.

Spring.

See! Tip-toe on the dewy morn Spring stands;
Her fresh, young hands stretched toward the mounting sun.
Her round breast gleaming bare, where March has swept
Aback the fretted drapery of wood-brown hair;
Her slender limbs ungarmented, save where
The mossy, glossy, blossoming willows' fur
Still hangs faint tangled tassels from her waist.

Her rosy lips low laughter frame, e'er yet
Her eyes have cleared their blurry mist of tears.
And, with the throbbing pulse's quickened tide,
Soft heart-sobs start, to end themselves in sighs
Of longing, new and strange—bewildering joy
That thrills and pains the while it pleasures most.

The plaintive south wind fans her flaming cheek
And swings sweet cups of incense at her feet;
Breathes low the bluebird's first tuned welcoming,
And stirs the willow's netted ambuscade
Until it slips its loosening hold.

Then, as
A young wife, pillowed on her lord's broad breast,
All radiant breathes a secret dear to both,
So Spring, her lifted length throws warm and full
Into the sun's embrace, drinks deep his hoard
Of fruitful kisses, winter-stored, and sings
Her hopes of summer days and summer flowers.

Indianapolis. —Mary H. Flanner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Scattered.

Philadelphia North American.

"Think of our troops singing 'Comrades' during the fighting in the Philippines."

"Yes; cute of them, wasn't it? No wonder the Filipinos ran."

No Profit.

Judge.

Stranger (in Georgia)—Any profit in raising cattle around here?

Native—Naw; the trains run so blame slow that we can't git a cow killed nohow.

Her Work Appreciated.

Philadelphia North American.

Hoax—It seems to me that the girl Henpeck married is making him a good wife.

Joax—Looks to me more as if she was making him a good husband. He'll soon be a model, I hear.

The Magazine.

Philadelphia North American.

"The magazine is empty!" announced the orderly.

"Oh, well," said the literary colonel, "I'll just sit down and dash off two or three campaign articles to fill up."

A Definition.

Life.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is a colonel?

Prof. Broadhead—A colonel, my son, is usually a large man, with the courtly manners of a crown prince and the stomach of a common, everyday camel.

Why He Waits.

Life.

"Why don't you get married? You have plenty of money, and sixty is the very prime of life."

"I'm going to wait a few more years, then I can have any girl I want."

Looking Forward.

Brooklyn Life.

Snobleigh (proudly)—You know, my family are of the best colonial stock.

Miss Ingenu—You don't say so! And which of the colonies do you come from—Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines?

The Better Way.

Harlem Life.

Dolliver—I think I will send Julia to Milan to finish her music lessons.

Mrs. Dolliver (delighted, but doubtful)—Do you think you can stand the expense?

Dolliver (firmly)—Much easier than I can the piano.

Silencing Him.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

George—Jim Bluffem told me that his wife makes all her own bonnets.

Maud—Well, George, would you like to have a wife who was such a dowdy that she was never known to get a seat in a crowded car?

Trying to Fix a Limit.

Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Gofrequent—How old do you take Mr. Mixwell to be?

Mrs. Nexdore—From his general behavior I should estimate his age to be about 150. When a woman looks at him now he doesn't think she's in love with him.

Two Fortunes.

Detroit Free Press.

"It was my good fortune that my ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said Miss South Church.

"May flour?" replied Miss Hennepin, who did not quite understand. "Our folks made their fortune in September wheat."

Not Free.

Washington Star.

"That, sir," exclaimed the indignant merchant, "is what I call a gratuitous falsehood."

"It's nothing of the kind,' replied the unscrupulous salesman; "I get a salary and a commission for telling that falsehood."

Decidedly Mixed.

Punch.

Rector's Daughter—Oh, Lady Horton, we have started a hockey club. I do wish you would allow Cora to join.

Lady Horton—How enterprising! And do you play a mixed team?

Rector's Daughter—Oh, no; not at all. I assure you they are all very nice people.

AMUSEMENTS.

ENGLISH'S

MONDAY . . . TUESDAY WEDNESDAY | APRIL 3, 4, and 5 | MATINEE . . WEDNESDAY

. . . THE SMYTH & RICE COMEDIANS . . .

Presenting the great Comedy Hit,

My Friend From India

By H. A. Du SOUCHET

It Will Laugh Your Troubles Away

200 nights in New York to packed houses, and has since tickled the risibles of multitudes of people in every large city in the world. It is a great, side-cracking, jaw-tiring laugh.

PRICES: Night, $1, 75c, 50c, 25c. Matinee, 25c, 50c. Seats now ready.

GRAND— ...TO-MORROW... Easter Monday -- And All This Week. 25c Mats. Wed. and Sat.

THE GRAND STOCK COMPANY

IN HENRY GUY CARLETON'S ORIGINAL AMERICAN PLAY IN FOUR ACTS,

"A GILDED FOOL"

As Played by Mr. Nat. C. Goodwin.

To-Morrow—Eleventh Photograph Souvenir Night. One of Kitchell's Best Cabinet Photographs of MISS KATHERINE FIELD will be Presented to Every Lady Attending the Grand To-Morrow Evening.

Extra Souvenir Nights have been arranged for April 10 and April 17, when, by leaving choice of pictures at box office and buying seats in advance, ladies will be presented with whatever photographs they may select from the entire set, one for each ticket purchased.

PRICES—Evenings: Lower Floor, 50c; Balcony, 25c; Gallery, 15c. MATINEES—Wednesday and Saturday, 25c. Next Week—"ARISTOCRACY."

PARK | To-Morrow Matinee TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY. | PARK

The Great Sensational Comedy Drama,

"The Sleeping City"

Under the Direction of A. Q. SCAMMON.

Incidental to the Play

THE CANNON-BALL EXPRESS

THE MARVELOUS RESCUE FROM THE BURNING ASYLUM

THE THRILLING ESCAPE FROM SING SING

THE EAST-RIVER DEN and other features.

NEXT THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY.

BERT COOTE

—AND COMPANY IN—

"The New Boy"

Best and brightest comedy of the season. Ran 100 nights in New York. 18 months in London. Three acts of continuous Laughter.

Read what De Wolf Hopper Said of the Park in an interview in the Sentinel, March 29: "I went to the Park Theater this afternoon," continued Mr. Hopper, "and was amazed at the beauty and adaptability of the new building."

10c, 20c, 30c. Everybody goes to the Park.

$40.00

Columbia

Model 49.

LILLY & STALNAKER, 114, 116 East Washington St.